

THE FIELD AFAR

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

DILIGENTIBVS DEVM OMNIA
COOPERANTVR IN BONVM



TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

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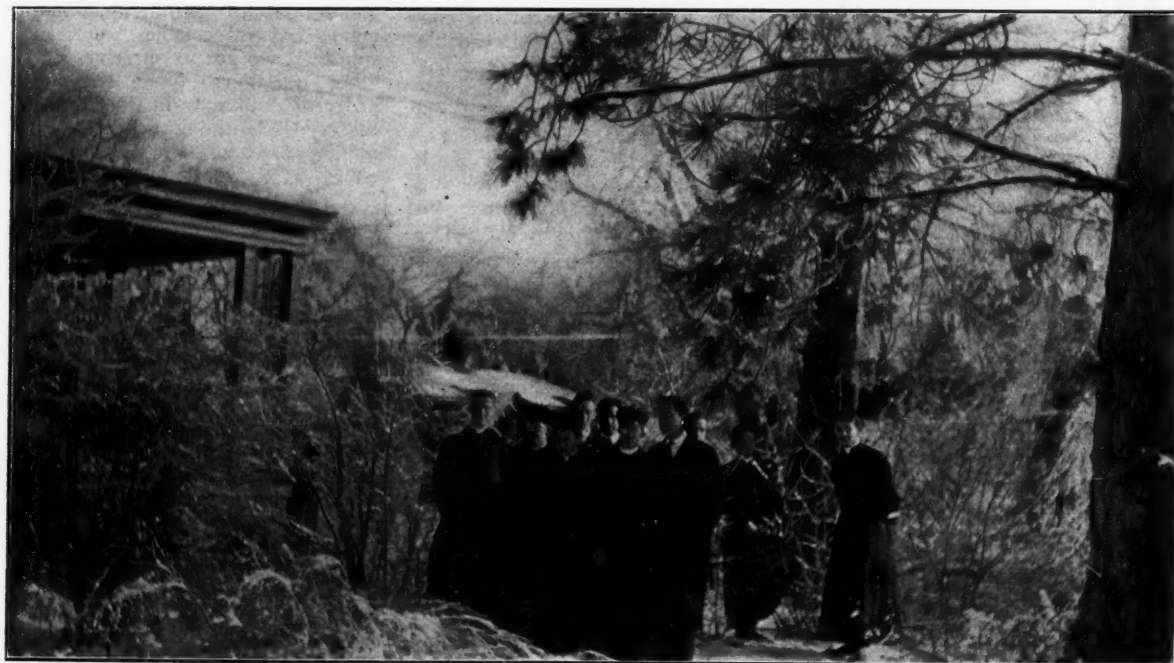
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F A I R Y - L A N D O N T H E K N O L L .

(From a photograph taken at Maryknoll, December 8.)

(See page 10.)



THE FIELD AFAR

Founded in 1907

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MARYKNOLL: OSSINING P. O., N. Y.

THE FIELD AFAR is the official organ of the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary. Checks and other payments may be forwarded to the Very Rev. James A. Walsh.

Advertising rates will be sent upon application.

May 1915 soon record the dawn of a world-wide peace! May it bring every needed grace and many blessings to our readers!

WHILE January is with us, will you be so good as to recommend this paper and our work to a few of your friends?

Of course you are a 'poor beggar.' (So are we, although you will find it hard to believe this statement.) But you have only

two things to do. Send us some names and addresses of friends (let us say *five*), and write, telephone, or say to these friends:

I am having sent to you a little paper which is published at a low price and which you will be glad to get. Don't fail to subscribe.

One dash is for your choicest adjective, the other is for your name, if you are sending a written message. THE FIELD AFAR will thus reach the homes of your friends with a fighting chance of a place on the table rather than in the family waste-basket.

* *

THIS issue of THE FIELD AFAR marks a change in printers. Since its birth, eight years ago, our paper has been in the tender and sympathetic hands of the Washington Press, Boston, where a large, unchanging group of compositors, pressmen, proof-readers, and folders work happily under a big brother of an employer and his cheerful, capable assistants. THE FIELD AFAR has in the past received many compliments for its printers, and we hope that our new 'type-tailors,' The Paulist Press of New York City, will dress it equally well and even improve its appearance.

* *

SOME Chinese girls have now come to this country to receive a college education at the expense of our American Indemnity Fund. A photograph of this first group recently appeared in the secular papers, and a copy was forwarded to our office from San Francisco, although the group was taken at the Bible Teachers' Training School (Protestant), 600 Lexington Ave., N. Y. This looks as if another opportunity was being lost for lack of American Catholic representation in China.

Will any of these Chinese girl students ever see the inside of a Catholic Church while here? Hardly.

Will they learn of Catholic

strength in this country? Not if they fall into the hands of those who guided the men students.

Will they hear of Trinity College, or of any other Catholic school for the higher education of women? It is not likely.

Now we are not blaming Protestant missionaries of this country for their activity, but we wish, by contrast, to rouse ourselves and others to the fact that American Catholics ought not to leave the Chinese field entirely to their European co-religionists and to a small army of English-speaking Protestants from England and the United States.

We have often asked ourselves: Which among American Catholic universities and colleges for men will be the first to establish a branch, as secular and denominational universities have done, in China? As we look at this photograph of smiling Chinese maids and respectable American spinsters, we put to ourselves another question: What teaching order of nuns now in the United States will be the first to organize in China schools for the higher education of women?

Perhaps our initial question should be: What school for either sex, under Catholic auspices, actually includes on its roster a Chinese student? If the president of any Catholic college for men or women would be especially interested to receive Chinese students, we invite correspondence on this subject.

* *

WE have been hoping that one or more of our Catholic fraternal organizations would discover the foreign missions, and every time we spot on the Far Eastern horizon a Y. M. C. A. foundation, we have asked ourselves, and seriously, the question: When will the K. of C. have a building in Hongkong or Tokyo?

Before that day shall arrive, the K. of C. must realize the need of

a home on the 'yellow coast,' and we are not sure that enough members cross the Pacific, for business or pleasure, to even think of such an establishment. We do know, however, that sons of Ireland gather in many great Asiatic cities to celebrate the feast of St. Patrick, and we also know that other English-speaking Catholic laymen, temporary exiles in the Far East, would welcome the privileges of comradeship such as is provided by the K. of C.

The K. of C. have broadened much since their initial organization in Connecticut. Their splendid gift to our Catholic University has stamped their national spirit, and their advance into other lands is, we believe, only a question of time. Councils in India and China could be formed to-day without much difficulty, and these could be made up of English-speaking residents or of natives—or of both.

We don't mean to encourage the K. of C. to follow up this suggestion at once. We should be pleased, however, if the organization would turn its search-light on Maryknoll occasionally and learn what is in process of formation on these hills. We need the help of such an organization as the K. of C. even now, and later its members traveling in the Orient may need the services of those who are here preparing for the world-wide apostolate.

We have been especially pleased, recently, to note here and there an awakening of interest in Maryknoll. A score-card for a whist party came to us the other day, bearing on one of its pages a free advertisement of *THE FIELD AFAR* and of our book publications. The sender, financial secretary of his Council, wrote that several of our books were used for prizes.

The same mail brought from the Grand Knight of another Council, in Massachusetts, these thoughtful lines:



"Jesus, to Thee be glory, Who didst appear unto the Gentiles."

It has occurred to me that perhaps I might distribute some of your mission leaflets in my communications to the members of our Council. If you will send me a package of two hundred, I will give them out in my next letter. It may be that the Holy Ghost will in this way bring to you some who are seeking a way to serve.

* *

THE newly organized *Catholic Missions*, of England, noting an editorial comment on our Seminary by *America*, remarks that reference is made to it as a "national institution." Our English contemporary expresses the hope that "it will not be long ere English as well as American Catholics realize this important aspect of the question."

We rejoice in the fact that we belong to and represent the Church in the United States, and we pray that the time may come when Catholics all over this God-blessed country—bishops, priests, religious of both sexes, and laity—will be glad to point to the Seminary at Maryknoll as one of the great national results of American Catholic activities.

We exist to-day because the Archbishops of the United States, voicing the sentiments of their respective suffragans, sent our organizers to Rome for authorization to found here a national Foreign Mission Seminary.

We are so fortunate as to live under the spiritual jurisdiction of the benign Archbishop of New York, whose name is a synonym for 'lover-of-the-missions,' but His Eminence, Cardinal Farley, never loses sight of the fact that we belong to the nation, rather than to any province or diocese. New York is of all cities the most convenient centre, national and international, for the work which it is our privilege to try to develop.

A question which we are frequently asked is: Are the bishops interested? Some have been more than generous; others have not given signs of positive encouragement, and yet this does not prove a lack of interest. We have not had an opportunity to meet these prelates and to personally acquaint them with our needs. Our bishops have many burdens and endless preoccupations. The rule of not a few among them is to leave the initiative to the beneficiary, who, to succeed, must make his plea in person.

So far, however, no bishop has positively discouraged our efforts. "How could he?" you ask, and the bishops will agree that you are right.

We have a gratifying number of episcopal signatures on the guest-book at Maryknoll, and we shall be happy indeed to record some day that, at one time or another, we have had the honor to receive a bishop from every diocese in the United States. Note how modest are our expectations.

* *

Let us know when you move or you will be missing papers, while we shall be burdened with notifications from your former post-office.

Jottings.



THIS is a reproduction of our new stamp, without the color effects. Send for some of these stamps. They will cost you one cent apiece or ten cents a dozen. They are made to seal your letters, and in using them you will benefit our work directly and indirectly.

The Lamp has sent us its annual appeal for the observance of the Church Unity Octave, January 18-25. The zealous Editor may well ask 'if there was ever a time since the Day of Pentecost when all Christians of every name had more need to pray for peace and unity among the disciples of our one Lord and Master Jesus Christ than at the present hour.'

Do you recall our picture of Irish, Spanish, and Indian nuns of Lahore, India, which appeared in the frontispiece of THE FIELD AFAR for July, 1914? If you still have that copy, you can make use of Bishop Eestermans' information which has lately arrived. We asked: Which is which? And the Bishop answers:

Nos. 1, 3, 4, 6, 7, 9 are of Irish parents but born in India. Nos. 2 and 8 are Spanish. No. 10 is Indian. No. 5 is of Portuguese descent.

Word has come to us that the *Annales Apostoliques*, a monthly mission magazine published in Paris by the Holy Ghost Fathers, will no longer appear. The director of the paper is in service at a military hospital, while the printers, engravers, and other workmen are, in part at least, dispersed. The Congregation itself is represented in the field by more than two hundred of its sons, and we are grieved to learn that several of its missionary-soldiers have already sacrificed their lives in this deplorable conflict.

Fr. Thomas J. McCormick.

A GREAT loss to the Archdiocese of New York and to the cause of foreign missions was Fr. Thomas J. McCormick, late Assistant Diocesan Director for the Propagation of the Faith, who died on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

Fr. McCormick's home was in Easton, Pa., but he graduated from St. John's College, Fordham, and being adopted by the Archbishop of New York, prepared for the priesthood at St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, and the Catholic University of America, in Washington, D. C.

No one knew Fr. McCormick without loving him. Gentle, capable, absolutely unselfish, persevering, and unstinted in his splendid service for God and souls, this young priest fulfilled a long space in a short time, leaving an enviable record in the annals of a great archdiocese.

We recommend his soul to the prayers of our readers, especially to those who, reading THE FIELD AFAR in distant lands, may be inspired to secure for him the suffrages of their simple flocks.

OUT in Winona, Minnesota, certain Catholic activities are making themselves felt. We note especially the Catholic Press Club and the St. Rose of Lima Guild, which appear to be related.

The Guild has prepared an attractive program of *Studies in the History of the Church*, and Catholic missions are not overlooked by this observing and consistent circle of readers. We quote from page 18 of the announcement booklet:

CATHOLIC MISSIONS OF TO-DAY.

Papers: China—The Land of Greatest Promise. The Miracle of Faith in Japan. Other Mission Fields.

References:

Missions	Vol. X.	—375
China	Vol. III.	—663
Japan	Vol. III.	—297
Saint Francis Xavier	Vol. VI.	—233
Goa	Vol. VI.	—604
Oceanica	Vol. XI.	—200

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Alaska	Vol. I.	—246
Africa	Vol. I.	—181
Propagation of the Faith	Vol. XII.	—461
Missions	Index	—543

Note: The references are to the Catholic Encyclopedia.

* *

The Recalled Missioners.

ONE of our best friends in this country—an ardent lover of the missions—has made a strong plea for the soldier-priests of France, who, on the firing line itself, find opportunities to win souls to Christ and thus to continue their priestly duties. He recognizes the present loss to the missions occasioned by the withdrawal of so many young missioners, but in his opinion the greatness of the cause is such (and here he evidently sees the rebirth of religion in France) that Divine Providence will speedily fill the ranks or otherwise supply the existing need.

Our friend also believes that the realization of conditions in the mission field—now threatened with ruin—will force the Catholic body of America to rouse itself from an indifference that is hardly justified by its prosperity, and will bring it to see more clearly its duty to the heathen world.

A missionary-correspondent in Japan, who is presumably incapacitated for service in the French army, writes to tell us that his fellow-priests who returned to France were forced to do so by a Free Mason government.

We can understand how missioners living under the French flag could be obliged by an anti-Catholic government to leave their flocks, but we cannot yet see how the Free Mason government of

France can *force* back to his native land a priest living beyond French jurisdiction. We realize that a French missionary who refused to return would be looked upon as a 'deserter,' and that his family might have to suffer some inconvenience in consequence. But the foreign missionary is often regarded, even by his own, as a 'deserter,' and his departure nearly always brings sorrow to his family. He endures such things for Christ's sake.

We believe that every returned French missionary has been actuated by the conviction that his presence in France would be a moral support to the cause of religion, and that his absence would give an opportunity of attack to the enemies of his Church. And we are sure that when the thought of his beloved flock comes to his mind, the soldier-missionary will rest safe in the confidence that God will protect it.

We hope, however, that American apostles, if God raises such, will not be influenced by the precedent which we note to-day, with varied feelings of admiration and regret. We esteem and respect the soldier-missioners because they are doing their duty as they see it, and we sympathize with them because they are suffering untold misery. But, as one of our visitors lately remarked, we don't wish to see any of them *canonized*—by the Germans.

May the God of armies save every missionary-soldier and return them all, safe and sound, to their waiting flocks in fields afar! And in the meantime may He shield these flocks from every danger!

* *

Subscribers can benefit themselves spiritually and the Foreign Mission Seminary materially, by adding fifty cents to an Ordinary Subscription, and thus becoming Associates in our work. Many have already done this.

From the Mail-Bag.

LETTERS and photographs have come to us recently from:

CHINA—

Fr. J. M. Fraser, Taichowfu; Fr. M. Kennelly, Shanghai.

INDIA—

Bishop Eestermans, Lahore.

KOREA—

Fr. Claudius Ferrand, Fusan.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—

Fr. William Finneemann, Tayum.

We have also received letters from:

CHINA—

Fr. Doutreligne, Tse-heu.

INDIA—

Fr. N. Rony, Coimbatore; Fr. J. B. Michotte, Kumbakonam.

INDO-CHINA—

Bishop Cardot, Rangoon; V. Rev. M. B. Cothonay, Lang-Son; Fr. Maye, Pankseinbe.

JAPAN—

Bishop Chatron, Osaka.

OCEANIA—

Fr. Guinard, Fiji.

"Passed Censor."—We find these words on much of our mission mail, but the contents, it is needless to say, are undisturbed.



THE SEXTON.

Does he look like yours?

(Photo sent by Fr. Kennelly.)

IMPORTANT.

BEFORE burning The Field Afar envelope, see how your subscription stands. The expiration month is now printed along with your address.

One result of the war is that in some of the missions the Mass wine has run short. This is quite disastrous, because a zealous priest can stand about any kind of deprivation except that.

CHINA.

A clipping from the *North China Daily News*, sent to us by Fr. Fraser, bears witness to the activity of the sects in the mission field. According to this report, a zealous proselyte, a man well-known in several denominations, undertook to baptize an inquirer in the waters of a canal. Both lost their footing, and before help could reach them, the candidate had perished. The enthusiastic convert-maker was placed under arrest.

The Irish Jesuit in Shanghai, Fr. M. Kennelly, who in his pig-tail days was often taken for a Chinaman, has written us lately two interesting letters. One of these was for ourselves, and contained valuable hints about a possible future field for our young missionaries. The other may be somewhat dry at first sight, but is well worth reading carefully for the insight it gives into the practical advance of Catholicism in one of the best known among all our Chinese missions.

THE SHANGHAI CATHOLIC MISSION AT THE CLOSE OF 1914.

Our converts number 220,069, an increase of 7,469 over the preceding year. There are 91,276 catechumens who are being prepared for baptism. These are distributed over 226 special establishments, and greatly tax the strength, time, and limited funds of the missionaries. Many more pagans could be gathered into the fold, if we could pay catechists who would be specially engaged in instructing them. Our Chi-

nese nuns and Virgins do all the instruction of the women and girls, and their success is deserving of great praise.

BOUNTIFUL HARVEST OF PERSONS ADMITTED TO BAPTISM.

The number of persons baptized throughout the year amounts to 56,439. Of these nearly 8,000 are children of Christian parents; about 7,000 are children baptized together with their parents, when both entered the Church; 32,400 are children of pagan parents. Pagan adults fully instructed and admitted to holy baptism number a little over 5,000. This is a bountiful harvest, and one of which any mission may feel proud.

EDUCATIONAL WORK.

The mission has 903 primary schools for boys and girls, with an attendance of 22,086 Catholic children and 7,554 pagans. These latter receive religious instruction with the Catholic children, and give hopes of being later on full catechumens. The teaching staff numbers 1,478 teachers.

There is also a university for Chinese, with 205 students, and a college, with 330 students, acting as feeder to the higher establishment.

Provision is likewise made for white children of both sexes, especially in the foreign settlements. Here the Marist Brothers have a commercial college, which is attended by 800 pupils. The nuns have two academies for girls of the better class, and a Providence Home for those less blessed with the goods of this world.

HOSPITALS AND DISPENSARIES MUCH NEEDED.

Hospitals and dispensaries are much needed, as they would, through alleviating bodily ills, bring many nearer to the Kingdom of God. The recent arrival of an American doctor here is a godsend, and when the war is over, she will be able to take up work resolutely.

INDIA.

Fr. Baker, of Madras, India, has sent us a collection of brass figures illustrating various household utensils.

The Vicar-General of Madras, Fr. Baker's pastor, happened to be at Maryknoll when these articles arrived, and gave us an explanation of their uses. Fortunately, they were not stolen from the genial pastor's belongings.

The Vicar-General of Madras has come and gone. The day after his departure from this country, we received from one of his confrères in India the following letter:

Kindly convey my best wishes to Monsignor Merkes. Presumably he is visiting your shores in order to 'fill the bag.' Wish him good luck on my behalf and ask him, should there be any 'leakage,' to engage a sweeper, whose wages I am quite willing to meet from the garbage! You see I am modest enough to be satisfied, like the woman in the Gospel, with the crumbs that fall from the Master's table.

I am getting quite crazy. Here I have been sweating for the last two and a half years, trying to put up a convent, a presbytery, and a church, in an out-of-the-way Mohammedan town where the few Catholics, starving creatures, would like to eat me. What am I to do? If people only knew what it is for a priest close upon seventy, with rheumatic limbs, to climb ladders and walls, to watch every process in the building from morning till night, in 'this here climate,' in order to see that mortar, and not sand, is used by the cunning workmen, they would ask him to come down and get some one else to do the job.

To Fr. de Lange, S. V. D., who left many friends in this country when he started for his

mission in Timor, East Indies, we owe an interesting letter, with photographs. In the course of the letter, which we have published extensively in the *Providence Visitor* and *Catholic Transcript*, of Hartford, he says:

On Timor there are no trains, no electric cars and no roads. We are cut off almost completely from communication with the world. Every three weeks a boat comes to Atapoepe. That is only twenty miles away, but the distance seems greater than from New York to Chicago.

AFRICA.

When Fr. "Limerick" Rogan wrote lately, he had just finished some ironing. Before rolling up his sleeves to do some other kind of work, he wished to tell us that people were writing too many nice things about THE FIELD AFAR, and that we should not look for any 'gush' from him. He declares, however, that he loves us just the same, and is sending us another 'fit,' which we should face manfully.

Father Rogan's poems have 'touched' several of our readers. A recent message of sympathy came from a friend who, renewing



THE ELECTRIC CAR DOES NOT STOP HERE.

(Photo sent by Fr. de Lange.)

her subscription to THE FIELD AFAR, wrote:

I wish I could give more, but this is all I can do at present. If I were a millionaire instead of an invalid, I would send Fr. Patrick Rogan the price of a new hat. I wonder if he ever gets lonesome for a sight of old Limerick.

JAPAN.

The much-loved Bishop of O-saka, who can smile through tears, and whose missionary career has been a Way of the Cross, writes that he has lost his Vicar-General.

Bishop Chatron adds:

I can't believe that he will be no more with me. These separations from intimate friends are painful. With some of my missionaries dead and others called back to serve France, I have no one here except a good little Japanese priest.

We are in continual anxiety about the war. Correspondence has been stopped, business is paralyzed, and the cost of living increases every day.

The newsboys are always crying, "Go gai! Extra!" The reports make me shiver. What horrible butchery! Poor Belgium! How I pity the wounded, the widows, and the orphans!

I notice that the American Catholic papers say little about the war, and I understand the reason. There are Catholics on both sides, and care must be taken not to create dissensions, quarrels, and disputes in mixed parishes.

CORDIAL CURAÇAO.

A missionary who recently visited New York—and Maryknoll—was Bishop Vuylsteke. (Don't try to pronounce it.) Bishop Vuylsteke is a Dominican and Vicar Apostolic of Curaçao, a name with which some of our readers are more or less familiar. People who dispense Curaçao to their guests are presumably much better off than those who live in Curaçao, according to the following letter from the Bishop:

In former years we could raise a crop here, now and again, after a couple of poor years. But at present we are entering upon the fourth year of starvation, as I may call it, and of course the misery has been increasing every year.

As all our foodstuffs have to be imported from New York and Holland, the prices are rather high. We pay the same price for eggs as in the

States, three cents apiece, but they are twice as small. A goat that in former years would cost \$1.40, cannot be purchased now for less than \$2.40. Hay must be imported from the States, if the missionary wants to keep his donkey alive—and he has to keep it alive, that he may be able to go to his sick and visit his parish.

On the island of Aruba, with a population of nine thousand Catholics, more than one thousand have a serious disease of the mouth and limbs, which is caused by eating exclusively flour and crackers. Occasionally they may get a piece of fish, and, as a great exception, some meat, but for more than a year now they have not tasted any vegetables or fruits. On account of the poor condition of the goats, milk is so scarce that only the well-to-do people are able to buy it. You can imagine what the effect of this scarcity must be on young mothers and infants. When I read of the American people sending food and condensed milk to the starving Belgians and their babies, I often think to myself, "If they only knew the needs of my people, they would send some to them also."

THE PHILIPPINES.

The war has been instrumental in the publication of a Catholic weekly in the diocese of Nueva Segovia. Knowing the Filipino's eagerness for news, and realizing the harm that would result from reading the Protestant paper, in which are inserted many anti-Catholic notes, the Bishop determined to meet the need. Long life to the worthy enterprise!

BE THE EXECUTOR OF YOUR OWN WILL.

Our Society, incorporated under the laws of New York State, will accept gifts, large or small, in money, stocks, or bonds, agreeing to pay to the donor for life a reasonable income from the same. Persons of comparatively small means will by this arrangement probably obtain a better income than at present, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest. At the same time they will be furthering the cause of foreign missions.

We invite correspondence on this subject and will gladly send further details.

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(Fr. Judge, S.J.)

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25 "	"	"	10.00
50 "	"	"	20.00
100 "	"	"	40.00

To Maryknoll's First Priest.

Thou standest now,
Imploring grace, O marvel! Hail,
New priest of God! Hail, thou first-born

Of Maryknoll! The nations wail;
Their heart is torn:

Go forth! Heal poor mankind; preach
thou

Peace, love and grace, in hut and town,
Till God place on thy whitened brow,
Th' immortal crown.

H. B., Phjla.

* *

Thérèse de la Sainte-Face.

[A Mill Hill student, who does not disclose his identity, has been impressed with the spiritual relationship existing between Blessed Theophane Vénard and Little Teresa of the Holy Child. Towards the end of her short and beautiful life, as readers of the life of Sister Teresa know, this young Carmelite conceived and fostered a special devotion to our young martyr.]

To what compare thee, sister dear?

So modest, chaste thou art and mild,
As from the children's eye the tear,
So limpid, pure and undefiled.

To what compare thee, gentle love?

The robin, pecking from my hand?
Or to the simple turtle-dove,
So soft and sweet, so meek and bland?

Those pearls, forsooth, in thee do wed,

O saintly child, dear little queen;
But holding all, of burning red,

A ruby 'midst their white is seen....

....Thy heart aflame with love divine,
On which those tender virtues shine.

L.

The Converts.

By Fr. John Wakefield.



ISTER XAVIER was thinking. This was not an unusual occupation with her, or with any other of the score of religious women who mothered the orphan boys at St. Vincent's, but ordinarily the round face under the white coiffe was serene, if not joyous, and the eyes were animated, especially during recreation hours.

To-day, however, Sister Xavier seemed preoccupied, and she *was* preoccupied. It was the Feast of the Kings—Epiphany—and the good Sister was trying to solve a serious problem, one which was always with her, but which presented itself with a special insistence on certain occasions, such as Epiphany, Pentecost, and the Feast of St. Francis Xavier. Then, more than ever, she longed to be doing something great to spread among heathen nations the spiritual comforts which she had enjoyed in abundance from her childhood. And then the question always came, "How can I help?"

She was seeking again to find an answer. She thought of past efforts. She recalled her earlier desire to go to the foreign missions. She had expressed it to an earnest priest before she entered religion, but he had shaken his head and assured her that, first of all, he knew of no place in America open to such vocations, and secondly, even if there were one, she should stay here, where there was so much to be done.

After her profession, Sister

Xavier had been assigned, for periods ranging from one to three years, to various kinds of charitable work. She had not failed to mention her 'hobby' to her own Sisters and to the children under her care. She spoke of it, when the opportunity offered, to priests, young and old, to ecclesiastical students, and once even to a bishop, the brother of one of the nuns. When at times a mission paper fell into her hands, she devoured it, and she was in the seventh heaven on the rare occasions when a traveling missionary came over from the parish-house to give Benediction and to address a few words to the nuns.

But now, as she looked back over twelve years of religious life, she was tempted to say, "I have not helped even a little." There had been, it is true, some evidences of sympathetic interest in her frequent plea for missions, but as a rule her statements were met by a blank stare or by the simple remark, "There is enough to do at home."

Sister Xavier had heard this snappy little sentence hundreds of times, but it did not dampen her zeal. She knew that there was plenty to do at home, but she knew, too, that this same excuse was offered habitually by people who would never give a penny or move a finger to relieve the orphans, though they could well afford both time and money. She realized that charity begins at home, yet she felt that it was wrong never to let it show itself outside.

The good Sister was charitable in her judgments, however, and she invariably attributed her failures to the natural short-

sightedness of others. "They simply can't see it," she would conclude, and then go on with her work.

But to-day she was almost impatient. Somebody had told her about the effects of the war on the missions. She had learned—and it distressed her much—that hundreds of zealous young French priests had left the mission fields to serve their country in Europe. A visiting benefactor had mentioned incidentally that practically all the seminaries in France and Belgium, in Germany and Austria were closed or occupied for war purposes, and she wondered how such serious news could concern so little Catholics who were really good and possessed of apparently strong faith. When she had remarked what a terrible blow this would be to Catholic missions, the only comment made was a cold, "I suppose so."

It was the last straw, and as the benefactor retired, Sister Xavier exclaimed quite audibly, "What's the use?"

The Sister entered the chapel as she passed. The little figures of the Wise Men were at the Crib and a group of the orphans had ranged themselves before it. Her missal was at hand and mechanically she opened it and read:

"And the Gentiles shall walk in thy light, and kings in the brightness of thy rising. Lift up thy eyes round about, and see; all these are gathered together: they are come to thee; thy sons shall come from afar, and thy daughters shall rise up at thy side. Then shalt thou see, and abound, and thy heart shall wonder and be enlarged, when the multitude of the sea shall be converted to thee, the strength of the Gentiles shall come to thee. The multitude of camels shall cover thee, the

dromedaries of Madian and Ephra; all they from Saba shall come, bringing gold and frankincense, and showing forth praise to the Lord."

The flame of love sprang up in an instant, and when the sense of helplessness came over her again, it was met by the resolution to keep up her lone propaganda, to continue her prayers and her Communion, as she had done so faithfully for the past twelve years.

Her call-bell interrupted her devotions, and as she left the chapel, the portress told her that a priest was in the reception-room and desired to see her.

It was a pleasant surprise to recognize in the young Levite who a few moments later stood before her, one of her first charges, an orphan boy whose spirit of unselfishness and whose sincere piety had attracted the attention of everybody who knew him. Sister Xavier had often wondered how this promising life would be spent, but in all these years she had received no word of him.

When the formal greetings and usual questions had been exchanged, the priest said:

"Sister Xavier, I have come a long distance to thank you as the instrument of God in calling me to His service. Twelve years ago you spoke one day to us boys about the possibility of being priests. Some visiting city official had just told us that we might all be presidents of the United States. Most of us had laughed at that thought, but several of us felt, after your talk, that the chances were good for reaching something higher than the presidency—the priesthood. I thought a lot about it that night and for a whole week. Then I began to pic-

ture myself as a priest and I asked myself continually, 'Where?'

"In the meantime you had sent to New York for some sample copies of an illustrated mission paper, and you gave me one in which I found this diagram." Here the priest produced a clipping, heavily creased and already a little yellow from age. "I read it through, and although I did not catch its full meaning, it held my interest as would a puzzle. I went back to it time and time again, until unconsciously I had learned it by heart. The idea of the priesthood never left me, but the locality changed and habitually, when it shifted to my native land, the diagram rose before my eyes.

"There is not much more to add, Sister Xavier, except to say that I am due in San Francisco two weeks from to-day, and that I

have in my pocket a steamer-ticket for Shanghai. My Superiors at the Foreign Mission Seminary have given me no assurance that I shall ever return, and so I intend to settle down and make myself at home among your beloved little heathen friends. Tell me, now, do you still like them or have you, too, joined in the chorus to which we must so frequently listen: 'You ought to stay at home, where there is enough to do?'"

Sister Xavier could hardly contain her joy. The tears streamed down her cheeks, and had it not been for the timely entrance of the Reverend Mother, she would have left the room to overcome her emotion.

The Mother soon learned that the flowing tears came from a heart full of joy, and she realized for the first time how deep was



AN OLD CATHOLIC FAMILY, FRIENDS OF SISTER O'SULLIVAN,
SISTER OF CHARITY IN CHINA.

the Sister's love for souls. That evening she found employment for Sister Xavier that would keep her away from the conference-room, and then she told the story to her nuns.

From that day a change came over the spirit of St. Vincent's. Prayers were started for the young priest's mission, for all missionaries, for the thousand millions of waiting heathen, and for vocations to the apostolate. Before long a large map appeared in the recreation-room, and the nuns stuck a little American flag in the place where Sister Xavier's 'boy' had been stationed.

The children looked forward to the arrival of letters from the young missionary and eagerly read, or heard read, every mission magazine that came to the convent. Geography lessons became a setting for mission stories, and Sister Xavier's 'hobby' brought many a gleam of sunshine into dear old St. Vincent's.

The young missionary's spirit is still with the Sisters and the children, and he himself, in his exile, realizes with gratitude, as he looks about his little chapel and his poor study, how much he owes to Sister Xavier and her 'converts.'

Maryknoll, January, 1915.

* *

K. OF C., A. O. H., ET CETERI.

IN the very near future a priest from the far West, who, with his Archbishop's approval, has offered his valuable services to assist our work during 1915, will begin a lecture tour. He will go especially to fraternal organizations, and we invite immediate correspondence from any interested in this movement.

Maryknoll Chronicle.



ONE of our students was ordained subdeacon on Saturday, November 28th, by the Rt. Rev. Patrick J. Hayes, in the chapel of St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie.

This student, James Edward Walsh, is an alumnus of Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, from which he graduated in June, 1910. He is a native of Cumberland, Md. We are pleased to note that he is the first subdeacon ordained by the new Auxiliary Bishop of New York, whom we are honored to have as one of the incorporators of our Society.

Wintry winds have been blowing around the Knoll and one of the air-beaters followed in the wake of a freezing drizzle. The trees were lovely and their branches bowed majestically to the ground, but some of them lost their balance, and our charming grove is now looking a bit thin.

In the height of one storm, Bishop Hayes, the new Auxiliary of the great Archdiocese of New York, arrived, in company with Monsignor Dunn. Both of these distinguished visitors are members of our corporation. We always feel as if we had a corporation when we announce its members, which include, you will remember, His Eminence, Cardinal Farley.

Another member, Judge Victor Dowling, was expected, but New York was too safe a haven for him to leave, and besides, the Judge was tied to a bench that day.

The Assistant Chancellor, Rev. Dr. Dineen, came, and Ossining village was represented by Fr. Collins and by the chaplain of Sing Sing, who gave up his prison-companions to join poor us.

The occasion was a simple one—the investiture of some aspiring apostles in cassock and cincture—but these future missionaries will

always remember the day and its significance for themselves.

The calf was not fat enough to kill for the Bishop's visit, and the Maryknoll turkeys—a grunting species—were in mourning for their parents. So the order was given to electrocute or otherwise dispatch all the guinea hens on the premises.

Two guineas were 'killed with one stone' on this occasion, and as the New York market prices on guinea fowl were high, we had the privilege of 'setting a dainty dish before the king.' Again, the birds were something of a nuisance. The hens of other breeds, especially those with Pilgrim fathers, objected to their noise, as we did ourselves, and altogether they were a good riddance.

The hen-factory at Maryknoll, by the way, is in a flourishing condition, and before another year has passed, we expect golden eggs and silver chicks. The superintendent, who was seasoned on an Iowa farm, applies himself as assiduously to the hen-coop and its duties as he does to his theology—and this is saying not a little. No fireman in New York can get into his 'rubbers' and on his engine sooner than our *Brother Hennery* can 'jumper into overalls and get on his job.'

And he does not work alone. A youth from one of the most aristocratic towns in Massachusetts, who never saw a cock-fight before he came to Maryknoll, is first assistant-superintendent, besides holding the position of procurator for the *pork-fabrique* near by. Moreover, about every man on the premises, student, auxiliary, or lay-helper, has been requisitioned to excavate for foundations, mix cement, draw material, or drive nails—at the hen-coop.

Brother Hennery is a real worker, and the birds are scratching while he fiddles and laying while he sleeps. More power to him! And may we have more like him!

When he gets on the missions, he should not starve.

Our little chapel attracts particular attention, and we hope to give our readers a glimpse of it one of these days. The statues of Our Blessed Mother and St. Joseph, St. Paul and St. Francis Xavier are in place. They are finely modelled and very effective against the oak-stained background. The plainness of the chapel and the exquisite simplicity of our little wooden altar seem to be always more impressive.

Among our visitors of the month was the Vicar-General of Madras, India, Monsignor Merkes, who came to America to pick up some gold and stayed over at Maryknoll, before his steamer left, to get a little consolation.

Blasted hopes were his, but fortunately he has a buoyant disposition and a sanguine temperament, and when he left us, he had really convinced himself that his very brief sojourn in this prosperous country was not wasted time.

We regret to say, however, that the good missionary is a little suspicious of American honesty. In India he had never seen pilfering, but here, his bag, which contained his all, was snatched from a transfer wagon in Cleveland, opened with a jack-knife and ransacked. And now the victim thinks that this is a common occurrence in a land where even gold-bricks are scorned by the passers-by.

Fr. Merkes hoped to be in Holland for Christmas.

Our own Christmas was peaceful and holy. It always has been so in these quiet hills, and this year we felt especially grateful. We realized that God was good to us, while in other countries, with the din of battle, the agonizing cries of the wounded, and the wailing of mothers and orphans, there was no peace. We recalled, too, that, thanks to God's bounty

and the good will of many friends, we were housed far more comfortably than we were a year ago.

Our first priest was with us for the great feast, and a few of the Vénard students had accompanied him from Scranton.

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If you cannot provide a burse, will you support one of our students through, or partially through, his course? Write to us on this subject.

AN IDEA FOR YOU?

A word to you who would have the Foreign Mission Seminary benefit after your death by your present thoughtfulness.

Suppose you desire to leave to us a certain sum, which is now lying in a savings bank, or elsewhere, and drawing interest which you need.

We are in a position to accept your gift now, agreeing to turn over the income to you during your lifetime.



"Our charming grove is now looking a bit thin."
(This grove lies between the Seminary and St. Teresa's Lodge, which may be seen in the distance.)



THE ENTRANCE TO ST. TERESA'S.
(The Editor on his way to The Field Afar Office.)

The Vénards in Transit.

THE Vénard youths were unusually privileged this year. As many of our readers know, they at present attend classes at St. Thomas' College, which is connected with the Cathedral in Scranton. The recent Christmas vacation was extended by the directors of this school, and as our hired house is not commodious, we thought it best to give our boys an opportunity to spend Christmas, probably for the last time, at home.

Most of them accepted the privilege, but a few, whose homes were too 'dear' to visit, remained at the school and later were surprised by an invitation to come to Mother Maryknoll and eat some of her mince pie.

The neighbors in Scranton were, as usual, most solicitous and showed their interest in 'the boys' by sending to the school all kinds of tempting dishes—enough almost to make some of them hesitate about going home. But home is not exactly where the stomach is, and off they scampered, when the hat was dropped.

The Vénard has as yet no fixed home in sight, but it is practically certain that next year it will not occupy a hired house and that it will, if at all possible, have its own teachers.

Just where its home will be and who will minister to its intellectual wants, is one of God's secrets that has not yet been disclosed even to us. But we are daily straining our eyes to see in the distance some messenger who will bring us the solution of this twofold problem: *How to build a school without means and how to staff it without men?*

If worse comes to worse, we'll take the baby ourselves for a year or so, until we can provide for him otherwise.

The Doctor's Column.



GOOD results have come to our work through the thoughtfulness of physician-subscribers who have habitually left the current number of THE FIELD AFAR in their reception rooms.

Haven't you often sat in an office and wished you had brought something to read? (Perhaps it was at a rectory, for we priests are not always alive to the value of reading-matter in the hands of our visitors.) And haven't you felt relieved, especially if you were in the company of an uncommunicative stranger, or if you yourself are of that variety, when you discovered some up-to-date magazine at hand? or even an old one?

Don't be afraid to put out—on the table—a copy of THE FIELD AFAR. It will help to keep your patient patient, and will predispose him to take any kind of treatment when you are ready for him.

And it may win for our cause a friend as good as yourself.

An interested subscriber in San Francisco recently sent us a list of attorneys to whom we shall forward sample copies of THE FIELD AFAR. This friend is ready at any moment to add to our number of *possibles* a small regiment of California physicians.

If we could get into the hearts and into the offices of American physicians all along the line, from Maine to California, we would pave the way for certain success in one important line of effort that lies ahead of us and will be urgently needed, once we have been assigned a field—the medical mission adjunct.

Spiritual Advantages
of
Associate Membership
may be gained in the
Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America

From our Seminary:

One hundred and fifty Masses a year. A share in the daily prayers and labors of all engaged in this work. Communions and rosaries every Friday from our two communities.

From our Benefactors:

Some thousands of Communions offered monthly and of rosaries offered weekly in America and Europe for our Seminary and its benefactors.

From Missioners in the Field:

Two hundred Masses yearly. Frequent Communions and prayers of their faithful flocks.

Published Recently.

The Divine Word Society of Techny, Ill., is emulating the extensive printing industry of its mother-house in Steyl, Holland. We have lately received from its press an attractive volume, entitled *The Ex-Seminarian*, a book of short stories by Will W. Whalen. Price sixty cents, postpaid.

The untiring Fr. Elliott, eminent Paulist and zealous priest, has produced another book—*The Spiritual Life*.

He has chosen fundamental subjects bearing on doctrine and life, and has developed them in his own characteristically earnest style, simple and unstudied, and as such, effective.

This is a volume of nearly four hundred pages. Price \$1.50 net. The Paulist Press, N. Y.

Mustard Seed, a new book by Fr. Francis P. Donnelly, S.J., reached us before Christmas but too late to be made known to our readers. It is a collection of very practical reflections, short but pithy, and bound to be helpful, especially to those who have to rub shoulders daily with the world. The book is very well printed and attractively bound. It sells for

sixty cents net, and is published by P. J. Kenedy & Sons, of New York.

Fr. Donnelly is a good friend to Maryknoll, and habitually inscribes the books which he sends us, giving them a special value. On the fly-leaf of this, his latest book, the author writes:

Accept *Mustard Seed* as a congratulation and a memorial for Maryknoll's first priest.

*May he and it, by Heaven's aid,
Grow wondrous great from what
they are;*

*May he a multitude be made,
And it a tree in fields afar!*

"My Examen."

What is it? In a few words, it is a novelty in the religious life. It might be called a system of spiritual book-keeping, enabling us to strike our balance every night. It is an examen of conscience in a companionable form, a little vest-pocket meditation book for the busy Priest, Brother or Sister.

One of our Bishops says of *My Examen*:

You deserve much praise for furnishing us with the dear little book of examen. Many will use your book, who without it would make no examen at all. Nearly everybody wants to reach his goal by the shortest route and in the quickest time; hence short sermons, short Masses, short meditations, short examens are in great demand. Perhaps it is not altogether a loss, for pointed brevity is much better than wearying prolixity. We have too many controversialists, too few exhorters, far more doctors than saints—and saints are just what we especially need to-day.

The binder is in leather. Each day of the year has its slip and its examen matter, culled from the Scriptures, the Fathers and the great masters of the spiritual life. The names of St. Francis de Sales, St. Teresa, St. Thomas, and St. Bernard appear among many others. Two months of slips can be put into the binder at a time, and with ordinary care the binder will last for years.

PRICE—one dollar, or in lots of a dozen or more, ninety cents each. To very large communities, special rates. The owner's name in gold on cover, fifteen cents extra. Ten "Examens" with owner's name, ten dollars.

Address all orders to Publisher, P. O. Box O, East Williston, N. Y.

FIELD AFAR POST-CARDS.

Fifty cents a hundred.

If Worse Comes to Worse.



FARMER'S life's the life for me."—So sings the man who does not know a buzz-saw from a meat-chopper, and we would be tempted to echo the words, if we had nothing on our minds but the farm and our falling hair.

There is, however, a certain quiet distinction which is gradually acquired by the consciousness of owning land and raising one's own foodstuffs, and our rise in the farm world is brought home to us by the arrival of such literature as seed catalogues and advertisements for agricultural implements. Our name is *up*—on the list of *prospects* in all kinds of farm merchandise—and our patronage is sought from afar.

Nor is this all. We have been sought out for special privileges. The owner of a famous grain mill in Detroit wrote to us lately, addressing us as his dear friend. His picture adorned one corner of his stationery, and a high-priced multigraph had been secured to convey his message to us—among others. Protesting our modesty, we quote:

I have selected you for my personal representative in your territory and I am very anxious that you should act, if you will please. I figure that for the winter months, anyway, you will have lots of spare time on your hands, which my plan will convert into money-making hours.

You can sell a lot of—Mills in your township during the next four months. I have men just like yourself who sell my Mills during their spare time of winter months and receive from me in commissions from \$50.00 to \$175.00 a month. This I consider a good income to be made out of spare time.

Now, my friend, you can earn this money and probably more. You have equal opportunity and I believe equal ability. So what is needed for you to cash in \$50.00 to \$175.00 per month on commission is to accept my proposition and cinch the Agency—now that you have the opportunity.

Please let me know if you will act or not.

Your friend, _____

HOW THE LAND STANDS, AT THE THRESHOLD OF 1915.

Total area at Maryknoll,	4,450,000 ft.
Disposed of up to Jan. 1,	
1915,	2,115,574 "
Held for purchase at one cent a foot,	2,334,426 "
Send for a land-slip.	

We could not find the spare time and we did not 'cinch the Agency.' It is pleasant to feel, however, that when land-slips, mite-boxes, burse-cards, and other appeals fail, we have an opportunity ahead, to earn enough to keep our ducks afloat.

* *

From Iowa and Other Friendly Places.

IOWA looks kindly at us. Bishop Garrigan, of Sioux City, and Bishop Dowling, of Des Moines, are both good friends of the Cause. Bishop Dowling has allowed us to receive one of his promising students from St. Mary's Seminary in Baltimore, though he is in need of subjects.

Several earnest priests through the State are interested in our work, and now a crippled woman, three score and ten, sends us a list of forty names, adding these words:

I like the paper very much and wish it all the good luck imaginable. I hope each one of these people will take THE FIELD AFAR. If I had the use of my limbs, I would go around and get the money for the subscriptions. I will send more names later.

Mite boxes went the other day to an academy in West Virginia. May they fatten rapidly!

Surgical instruments came to us recently from a Brother in New York City. 'The Doctor' was pleased and so were we.

Whist and euchre prizes are some recent demands which we have been glad to meet. They always bring a generous return.

"What shall I do with my old magazines?" we are asked occasionally. Here is one solution. Take a magazine with you on each car-ride and leave it after you.

A remittance from a Massachusetts Local Union of Steam and Operating Engineers was one of our recent surprises. We could have found use also for one of the members.

A venerable priest, who has often benefited us, writes in the course of a letter:

I have given all my *intention* money to the missions, because it seems such a fitting use for money earned in so holy and wonderful a way.

A priest-friend has on six occasions sent us a gift of \$9.99. He writes:

When I have made the tenth (with a little to boot), I shall ask you to enter as *Perpetual Associates* in your Society the names of my mother and my godmother.

To a Jesuit Father in Oregon we owe a gift accompanied by the following thoughtful note:

Please find enclosed a little offering for your noble work. It is from the small estate of my late uncle, *i. e.*, from my portion of the estate. You have my best wishes for the success of your work.

We are requested by the ever-hungry FIELD AFAR Office to ask for a typewriting machine. We carry several makes, and all have been hammered pretty hard since we started. Of course we are not fussy, but we respect our correspondents, and we would like a machine that does good work and is strong.

We owe special gratitude to those who not only send us the names and addresses of friends to whom we may forward sample copies of THE FIELD AFAR, but at the same time notify these friends that they have done so. Such co-operation comes from a correspondent in New Hampshire, who writes:



STRAINING TO GET IT.
(Photo sent by Bishop Chatron.)

I hope you will receive subscriptions from every one of these persons. I have written them notes, explaining the work a little, and as they are good, practical Catholics, there is reason to believe that they may help.

A growing and now a goodly number of American priests are interested in our struggle—for such, of course, it has to be—but what has surprised us not a little is the desire on the part of poor foreign priests to help us.

One wrote lately from the Hawaiian Islands, enclosing payment for THE FIELD AFAR, as well as for several books and prints. He expressed his regret that he was not in a position to aid us materially, but promised to say two of his Christmas Masses for our Seminary and its benefactors.

A question often asked is: "How are you getting along with the land-slip idea?" Some of our friends are still giving us land and others are giving us the slip, but up to date we have secured, through this method of attack, the goodly sum of \$21,155.74.

We have yet many thousand feet to reclaim, and we have promised not to ring the door-bell of old friends to accomplish our purpose. But new friends are coming, and every dollar means a hundred feet cancelled. And among the old friends, some who have given us the slip will yet take our land.

Think of the friend who is ill and send here for a copy of the "Bible of the Sick." Price 50 cts., postpaid.

An ordinary experience in Protestant mission activities is the support, partial or entire, of a mission in foreign lands by some congregation in the home-land. We have often felt that to American Catholics this idea would suggest itself, especially when American priests should be in the field. The following letter, therefore, is a welcome sign:

I would greatly appreciate the receipt of Fr. McShane's address. My parish is small but I would like to enlist its interest in the mission work and at the same time call down God's blessing on our own efforts towards badly needed progress. A personal letter from a friend (I knew Fr. McShane in Baltimore) in the field would do more here than anything else.

We have lately received:

Box of old vestments from Rev. Friend, Idaho; book (Wappelhorst's *Ceremonies*) from Rev. Friend; books from Rev. Friend, Rochester, N. Y.; book and box of surgical instruments from Brother J., N. Y. City; missal from Sister, Me.; altar linen from Mrs. L., Pawtucket, R. I.; dishes, silver tea-set, pictures, and camera from S. M., Boston, Mass.; towels, spoons and miscellaneous articles from A. C., Providence, R. I.; chairs, rugs, and portières from Miss K., N. Y. City.

WE ask your prayers for the souls of:

Rev. T. J. McCormick	Mrs. Joanna County
Rev. D. J. Wholey	Mrs. Sally Cully
Rev. John L. Coan	C. T. Warren
Rev. Fr. Curtin	Mrs. C. T. Warren
John F. Kenny	Alice Warren
William Collins	H. W. English
Chas. L. Bliss	Thomas Cummings
John Miller	Ellen Gainey
J. H. Bryan	Denis Gainey
Mrs. J. H. Bryan	Elizabeth Mack
Marg. Mulqueeny	Thomas E. Tighe

To Dominican Tertiaries!

Have you read the
**LIVES OF TWENTY-SIX
MARTYRS OF TONKIN**

by the new Prefect Apostolic, Very Rev. M. B. Cothonay, O. P.?

You, above all, will appreciate this book, but any one of our readers will find it interesting.

Send one dollar for it to this office and we will forward half of the payment to our zealous friend in Tong-king.

The Burse Roll.

This column will habitually record our progress in the accumulation of Burses and other foundation stones of our work. The list appearing monthly will, we believe, prove interesting to all and suggestive to some among our readers.

A burse or foundation is a sum of money, the interest of which will support and educate, continuously, one of our students for the priesthood.

COMPLETED BURSES.

The Cardinal Farley Burse..	\$5,000.
The Sacred Heart Memorial Burse	5,000.
The Boland Memorial Burse	6,000.
The Blessed Sacrament Burse	5,000.
*The St. Willibrord Burse...	5,000.
The Providence Diocese Burse	5,002.
The Fr. Elias Younan Burse	5,000.

PARTIALLY COMPLETED BURSES.

Towards Mary, Queen of Apostles, Burse.....	\$3,965.48
Towards Cheverus Centennial School Burse.....	*3,107.50
Towards the A. M. D. G. Memorial Burse.....	1,500.00
Towards All Souls Burse...	1,356.21
Towards St. Joseph Burse...	1,260.00
Towards Father B. Burse...	*1,054.00
Towards Bl. Theophane Vénard Burse.....	899.00
Towards Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse.....	797.58
Towards Holy Child Jesus Burse	784.02
Towards St. Patrick Burse...	698.50
Towards Little Flower of Jesus Burse (for Scranton)	500.58
Towards St. Stephen Burse	342.00
Towards Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Burse.....	302.00
Towards St. Teresa Burse...	220.00
Towards Unnamed Memorial Burse	197.00
Towards St. Lawrence Burse	162.00
Towards St. Anthony Burse	154.40
Towards Pius X. Burse....	149.20
Towards St. Francis Xavier Burse	117.71
Towards St. Boniface Burse	103.00
Towards J. M. F. Compound Interest Burse.....	100.00
Towards St. Columba Burse	100.00
Towards St. John the Baptist Burse	91.00
Towards Holy Ghost Burse	68.00
Towards All Saints Burse...	67.05
Towards St. Francis of Assisi Burse.....	38.25
Towards St. Dominic Burse	10.00

Any burse or share in a burse may be donated, if desired, in memory of the deceased.

*On hand but not operative.

An Associate Membership in Perpetuity—applied to the living or to the dead—may be secured on payment of fifty dollars.

The Incoming Tide.

THE tide was low in November, but our next issue will show that it did not stay out on the flats.

Across the Continent.

J. M.; Miss B.; Rev. Friend; Mrs. D.; Rev. Friend; M. A. R.; C. McM.; E. S.; Rev. Friend, Mich.; Mr. McS.; Ind.; H. T. S.; A. B. T.; Sr. M., Cal.; J. J. F., Vt.; L. G., Eng.; M. J. K., Col.; Rt. Rev. Friend, Wis.; Rev. Friend, O.; Rev. Friend, Ill.; M. O'N., N. Mex.; Rev. Friend, Ore.; Rev. Friend, N. H.; E. M., N. H.; A. C. E., W. Va.; Rt. Rev. Friend, Ind.; Rt. Rev. Friend, Ore.; M. G., O.

Connecticut.

Less than Two Dollars.
M. A.; E. M. C.; Friend; Friend; J. M. D.; A. T. M.; J. D.; J. F. S.; Friend; C. B.; M. M.; Sr. M.; M. V.

Two to Five Dollars.
Friend; H. C.; E. T. F.; E. A. T.
Five to Ten Dollars.
Friend.

Massachusetts.

Less than Two Dollars.
J. P.; A. V. H.; A. G. L.; Mrs. B.; B. M.; F. L. C.; H. G.; Friend; M. W.; M. S.; H. M.; E. M.; M. S.; A. M.; J. B. M.; M. C.; Mrs. M.; Rev. Friend; J. E.; J. F. C.; J. L.; Friend; M. A. K.; M. E. K.; M. E. H.; M. McG.; B. A. L.; L. T.; A. H.; J. A. C.; Friend; Friend; J. M. K.; J. P. S.; M. McC.; J. L.; M. S.; W. J. P.; E. S.; P. S.; A. C.; M. M.; M. H. C.; E. H.; S. O'N.; M. S.; A. W. K.; T. M.; C. A. D.; J. J. M.; M. P.; P. C.

Two to Five Dollars.
E. B.; K. McC.; L. T.; M. A. McC.; L. R.; E. O. L.; Rev. Friend; Rev. Friend; A. F.; H. F. H.; Rev. Friend; J. B. B.; R. D.

Five to Ten Dollars.
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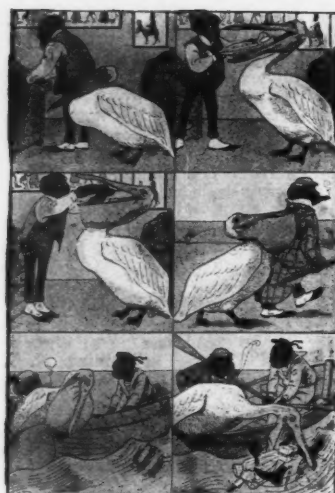
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